

AUGUSTA BREAKS EVEN WITH FISHBURNE

Augusta Defeats Fishburne Trackmen, 67-50

Bach and Bowman Break State Records in 440 and Javelin

On Saturday afternoon Augusta's trackmen came from behind to give Fishburne the short end of a score of 67 to 50. Bach, Bowman, and Woodwin were high point men for Augusta. Bach took three first places and a third making a total of 16 points. Goodwin took two first places and a second totaling 13 points. Bowman took two first places making 10 points. Marston of Augusta placed in four events.

"Windy" Bowman came from behind in the half-mile to break the state Prep. school record, making two and a half laps in 2.03 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Bach not to be out alone broke the state record in the javelin throwing at the remarkable distance of 169-ft. and 5-inches.

Goldsmith of Fishburne was the sensation of the meet taking first place in the pole vault, broad jump, shot put, discus, high jump and third in the javelin. The amount a total of 26 points which is over half the points by Fishburne.

Found and Goldsmith treated the spectators to a rare exhibition of Prep school pole vault. Found cleared the bar at 11-ft. and 3-inches. This breaks the school record of 11-ft. which Ed. Humphrys set last year. Goldsmith cleared the bar at 11-ft and 6-inches which took first place.

Goodwin, captain of the track team took both hurdle events handily making the 220 low hurdles in 27.2 and the 120 high hurdles in 17 flat.

The events and winner were as follows:

100-yd. dash—First, Haggart, F. M. S.; second, Thislwood, F. (Continued on page four)

Augusta Downs V.M.I. Rats in Return Game, 5-2

Blakemore Relieved By Montgomery

Augusta again defeated the V. M. I. Frosh at Lexington to the tune of 5 to 2. The game was close and hotly contested up to the sixth inning when an error cost V. M. I. two runs which were more than enough to cinch the fray for Augusta.

The main features of the game were the hitting of Bach and Whitehead. The former getting a homer and a single, the latter a triple and a single. The relief pitching of "Tex" Montgomery was also very outstanding.

Augusta has made a clean sweep of the "rats" this year in the various athletic contests. Our teams won in the different sports by these scores, Football—A. M. A. 6, V. M. I. 0. Basketball—A. M. A. 52, V. M. I. 50. Wrestling—A. M. A. 21, V. M. I. 19. Boxing—A. M. A. 4, V. M. I. 3. Baseball—A. M. A. 4, V. M. I. 3; A. M. A. 5, V. M. I. 2.

We consider V. M. I. as one of our best rivals and hope to be ready to meet them next year. The different teams wish also to thank them for their fine spirit shown towards us.

Baseball and Track

Augusta's spring athletics have been rapidly gaining their stride. The baseball team under Capt. Gallagher's tutorage has been very successful in that they have won four games and lost one. The trackmen have been equally successful in winning four meets and dropping one.

Bach leads the cindermen with (Continued on page two)

Annual Minstrel Huge Success

On Saturday night, April 27, Augusta held her annual minstrel, which was a huge success. The minstrel opened with a chorus. Cadet Bell, W., was interlocutor, and Cadets Wainwright, Fudge, Prince C., Slemple C., Baird, and Blake were end men.

Different cadets sang songs; among them were Cadet Hughes, "I'm sorry Sally"; Cadet Dorsey, "My Mothers Eyes"; Cadet Gorrill, "Carolina Moon"; Cadet Blake, "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder"; Cadet Wainwright, "Get out and Get Under the Moon"; Cadet Adams, "Harvest Moon"; Cadet Hargrave, "There'll Never be Another You."

Between the songs the end men kept the audience laughing over the jokes that they pulled on the different members of the faculty.

Cadets Wainwright, Baird, Prince, and Blake kept the audience in an uproar during the changing of the scene.

The second scene was entitled "The King of Kings," the setting was in the South Sea Isles. Hutzler and Burgess were the prominent actors, assisted by the hula dancers, Reniers and Lee.

The next act was a beautiful exhibition of tumbling by the Harley Brothers, Goodwin, C., and Timmons. They gave several remarkable performances that required much strength and skill. Joe Calvin and his buddies next entertained the crowd with a fencing duel.

Following this, cadets Harley and Timmons ran a modern "Speakeasy." Harley, Dorsey, and Hargrave were some of the gunmen participating in the rough and tumble. Cadet Jacobs a tough gunman from Chicago took Rose who was gunman Dorsey's wife into the "speakeasy"

AUGUSTA LOSES CLOSE GAME TO OLD RIVALS

Hits in First Frame Set A. M. A. Off to Fast Start

As long as A. M. A. was able to keep men on the bases, things looked dark for Fishburne, but ere long the aspect of the affair changed. Fishburne won the game 5 to 3 before a crowd of 500 fans.

Four of Fishburne's runs came by the push in route. "Zeke" Blakemore, A. M. A. star pitcher, was working nicely until the fourth inning when his fast ball seemed to be caught by the wind. He could not seem to find the plate in this inning and Fishburne scored four runs without a hit.

The brief story of A. M. A.'s scoring lists all from nine base hits. Kelsey, pinch hitting for Shrickhise, hit a short single to left and Clem Harris third man up clouted a fast one high and far into Lilly Valley. Eagles doubled to left field; his second hit of the game, stole third and came home on an infield error.

In the fourth Bundy relieved Blakemore, the latter going to left field. Bundy and Blakemore alternated, Bundy pitching to right hand hitters while Blakemore pitched to the lefties. In the seventh inning Bundy took entire charge of the mound duties, and finished the game in fine style.

The three runs of A. M. A. were earned, while Fishburne earned one counter. Griffin, Whitehead, and Harris were the fielding stars. Harris and Eagles were the leading hitters for Augusta, Harris getting a homer and a single, and Eagles securing two singles and a double out of three trips to the plate.

The day was an ideal day for a diamond affair. A large crowd overflowed the clay bowl, and we would like to thank the corps on behalf of this CADET for standing behind the team as they did. Keep up the good work.

	R.	H.	E.
F. M. S.	0	0	0
A. M. A.	0	0	0

Batteries—F. M. S., Mathewson and Poss; A. M. A., Bundy, Blakemore, Shreckhise, and Vanewsky.

Double—Eagles.
Homer—Harris, C.
Strike outs—by Mathewson, three; by Bundy, five; by Blakemore, three.
Base on balls—Blakemore, five.
Umpire—Brown.
Time—1.50.

one day and met her husband, who took a shot at Cadet Jacob. The first shot caused a machine gun to suddenly appear from behind the bar and regular pitched battle ensued.

This was followed by the most comical scene of the play, "The Story of the Bumble Bee," in which Wainwright, Baird, and Prince did the acting. Later the (Continued on page 4)

THE A. M. A. CADET

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at the Post Office
Fort Defiance, Virginia

THIS ISSUE EDITED BY SECOND PLATOON OF "D" CO.
AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY, FT. DEFIANCE, VA.

10 cents per copy

\$2.50 a Year

NO ADVERTISING ACCEPTED

STAFF

ROBERT WAINWRIGHT
Editor-in-Chief

J. P. LEA, JR.
Managing Editor

L. WHITEHEAD
Assistant Editor-in-Chief

G. MILLER.....Military Editor
T. HUSSEY.....Sports Editor

Typing Board

DAVILA

GOMELL, I.

BAIRD

In Appreciation

We would like to say a few words in appreciation of what our old friends, Massanutten and Fishburne Military Academy did for us at the Washington and Lee Basketball Tournament. After both Massanutten and Fishburne had been eliminated from the contests they took the A. M. A. rooting section and cheered lustily for Augusta, who was still in the running. The editors of this CADET wish to express on behalf of the Corps of Cadets of Augusta Military Academy, very deep appreciation and hope that we will have a chance to do the same for you two—Massanutten and Fishburne. We also thank the numerous civilians that stuck with Augusta to the last.

The Beginning of the End

We would like to call attention to the fact that we are well under way on the home stretch. Of course an obstacle now looms up which we will have to leap before the easy running on the smooth road is taken up again. That obstacle which now stares us in the face is none other than our dear old friend, Government Inspection. He seems to look at us with a sneer on his face as if to say, "I'm a tough baby, and I don't believe you can whip me." Realizing the fact that Government Inspection is a "tough baby" it should make us all the more eager to put out. Here's the same old story but it is a true one: if every man in this school does his part there is no reason on earth why next year's Corps shouldn't have a mighty nice silver star on the sleeve of their fatigue blouses. That star means a lot in military circles.

And another thing; you "rats"

get the idea out of your head that the Government Inspectors look like Lon Chaney in "The Phantom of the Opera," and that they will jerk you in a knot when you miss a question. They won't. The Inspectors last year were fine looking gentlemen. They stood on the drill field, apparently uninterested spectators, but their keen eyes followed every movement, and now and then they would jot down something in a notebook. They are very amiable in the Tactics Class Rooms and do not yell at you at the top of their lungs at all, as some of you think.

Of course its hard, but its only for one day. The football, basketball, boxing, wrestling, and swimming teams put over great victories; so let's all act as a Varsity military team and put this Government Inspection on the shelf. Then all the men on that Varsity military team will get their monogram—a shining silver star.

A Lay of Ancient Rome

The Roman was a rogue—
He *erat* was you *bettum*,
He ran his *automobilis*
And smoked his *cigaretum*.
He wore a diamond *Studibus*,
An excellent *cravatum*,
A "*Maxima cum laude*" shirt,
And such a stylish *hattum*.

He loved his lucious *hic, haec, hoc*,
And bet on games and *equi*
At times he won, at other tho'
He got it in the *nequi*.
He winked, *quo usque tandem?*
At puellaes on the forum,
And sometimes even made
Those goo goo *occellorum*.

He was frequently was seen
At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at memorial.
He often went on sprees,
And said on starting *homus*,
"*Hic labor, opus est*,"
"Oh wher'es my *hic-hic-domus?*"

Although he lived in Rome,
(Of all the Arts, the Middle),
He was, excuse the phrase,
A horrid "individdle."
How different to our minds
Is this *homo*, (dative "hominy")
Of far away B. C.

To us of *Anno Dominus*.

—Thomas Ybarra, (18)—...

Baseball and Track

(Continued from page 1)

a total of 52 points, Bach also leads the baseball men in circuit clouts. Griffin and Eagles are close behind him.

The Trackmen go over to Charlottesville the fourth to compete for the "state meet." Good luck "track team" we are expecting big things from you.

BASEBALL

V. M. I. Frosh. 3 A. M. A... 4
S. C. I. 4 A. M. A... 10
John Marshall . 3 A. M. A... 4
V. M. I. Frosh. 2 A. M. A... 5
R. M. A. 4 A. M. A... 13
G. M. A. 15 A. M. A... 5

TRACK

Fork U. . . 52½ A. M. A... 65½
G. M. A. . . 25 A. M. A... 92
V. P. I. . . 86¾ A. M. A... 34¾
V. M. I. F. 52½ A. M. A... 65½
F. M. S. . . 50 A. M. A... 67

Bursts and Buds

Let's say a prayer
For W. Yates,
He tried to "argy"
With E. M. Yates.

We want to know who this
bird "Will" is they always tell
us to fire at on a field problem.

You don't chaperon a party
anymore—you need a referee.

OUR AMERICAN TONGUE

"S'noul"
"S'not, S'neagle."
"S'neither, S'n'awk."

Keydet (out riding): "I sure
do like to take these experienced
girls home."

She: "Why, I'm no experi-
enced girl."

Keydet: "Naw, you ain't
home yet either."

Sale: "What did she say when
you kissed her?"

Prince: "Nothing, what do you
think she is, a ventriloquist?"

Want ad in Richmond pap-

Ladies Wanted to Sew But-
tons on the Second Story of
Smith Building.

We are wondering if the sweet
young things are going to wear
exclusively this summer those
bathing suits with the low cut
backs? Let's all leave a moment
in silent prayer that they do.

We know a friend who has a
broken jaw. He asked one of the
sweet young things would she
put one of those kind of bathing
suits on backwards—whew.

"The guy I'd surely like to
crown—

Is the one who hollers, 'I faw
down'."

POME OF PASHUN

"Awake. Awake. For spring
is here—The air is full of atmos-
phere—A cream puff flits lightly
o'er the lea, an onion sings from
yonder tree, and all the world is
full of thrills, From Carters Lit-
tle Liver Pills."

We are beginning to believe
(Continued on page four)

High Lights in the Lives of Augusta Faculty



Captain Kellogg entered A. M. A. as a cadet in 1919, remaining for two years. His second year at Augusta he made a letter in football and track, being one of the most aggressive men on these teams. He was also first Sergeant in his second year. He entered Virginia Military Institute in the fall of 1921 and in his second year at V. M. I. was tenth Corporal. His third year he was a line Sergeant, but was promoted to first Sergeant due to his fine military work. In Captain Kellogg's first class year at V. M. I., he was made first Captain and was considered one of the most military men there in years. On his graduating in 1925 he received the medal of the Cincinnati. This medal is voted by the faculty to the cadet who has done most for V. M. I. Naturally this is a great honor and was considered as the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a student at V. M. I.

After graduating from V. M. I. in 1925, Captain Kellogg went in business with his father for a year, and taught here three years after as an instructor in Math and English. Due to his football experience at both A. M. A. and V. M. I. while a cadet, now as a teacher he is assistant football coach and head track coach. He is also Tactical officer of "D" company. In his years here as a teacher he has been voted by the student body as being the most military and the second neatest dressed faculty.

Captain Kellogg has a wonderful personality which is characterized by his great interest in all military activities around the school. He certainly will be a
(Continued on page four)

"SOMEBODY STOLE MY GAL"

A Short Story by Robert Wainwright

The day was a typical one for the beach. The sun shone brightly and a soft sea breeze fanned the sand reeds into a waving mass. A person could not distinguish between the sky and the ocean where they blended into a beautiful azure at the horizon.

No sounds came from the cottage nearby. A house party was going on there, but no one would have known it. Only the rustling of the sand reeds and the steady roar of the sea broke the silence. A few flies buzzed at the screen door trying to find access to the room, but in vain.

Presently a sound came from within. It was someone yawning—one of those yawns that exercise the whole body; a sharp intake of the breath, a stretching of the arms, and a final long exhale with an "Ooooooo" at the end. Someone was stirring.

Inside the cottage was a motley crew. A large group of boys and girls lay around in bathing suits in the most comfortable positions, dozing and waiting for their noon meal to digest before taking to the water for the rest of the afternoon. The party had rented this cottage for the day-time. At night they slept in one of the nearby hotels. Someone broke the silence.

"Bill"

"Huh"

"Play the vic"

"Play it yourself"

"Aw Horsefeathers"

The last speaker got up from the couch, stretched, and walked over to the table where the "vic" stood. In a few seconds the room was filled with sounds. There were sounds of vibrant trumpets and moaning saxophones; sounds of screeching clarinets, and the crash of cymbals, "Somebody stole my gal, Somebody stole my pal," Someone sang in the music.

One by one the sleepers awoke. The room was soon a lively place with the boys and girls dancing around to the time of the music. There was much joyful chatting, much smoking of cigarettes and a great deal of loud laughter.

"Let's hit the ocean."

"O. K."

"Let's go."

"Hurry up Mary, quit powdering."

They rushed out doors and down the slanting beach to the water where they splashed in with many gasping breaths and happy jibes at each other.

Louise Hartnett was a sweet girl. Everyone of the crowd of boys and girls at the beach thought so as she was the ring-leader, and the reason for many rapid increases of pulse on the boys' part. She was pretty, decidedly so. Long black eyelashes, a full red mouth and her long luxurious black hair were the most prominent features about her. The chaperones didn't like her because they thought her wild, but they couldn't help admitting that she was charming in her ways, especially at the present time. She laughed and ran in her short black swimming suit which showed off her well-rounded form only too well, down the beach. And the well-known facts among the bunch

was that she loved Ted Greene, and Ted was too foolish and conceited to appreciate the fact. Ted, or rather Edward Hawthorne Greene, as the name was on his engraved calling card, was certainly a conceited young ass. But he had a quick flashing manner which the girls found fascinating and the boys disturbing. He was always neat and tidy, but he could never seem to break in on the friendship of the other boys. They just tolerated him—that's all.

The summer wore on. The days held easy hours for the bunch when they could lie in the hot sand and talk of the on-coming fall, with school, football, and hops. And the nights held enchanting hours—hours of dancing in hot dance-halls and cool casinos, to the wildest scintillating jazz. Then as the dance ended, they would ride far into the night and there would be a mellow moon which would transfer the road into a silver ribbon stretching far over the sand dunes and through green clumps of pine. Many sly kisses were stolen in the rumble seat and many nips of country corn whis-

key were taken behind the backs of those same rumble seats. They would drive their cars far up the beach, far out of sight of any cottages and have their party. First they would build a fire and start mixing highballs with oranges, ginger-ale and the afore-said liquor. Then they would be off again speeding up the beach in their snappy little roadsters sometimes riding into the surf with the spray flashing silver in the moonlight. Finally they would return to the cottage. The vic' would start—

"Her broken hearted lonesome pal—
Somebody stole my gal."

"Aw! Play something new."

The vic' would start again—

"Oh, four or five times
Say four or five times
There is delight
In doin' things right
Four or five times!"

Then they would sit around in the dark corners and smoke and watch the moon and the sea. But sleep would overcome them and they would go to their hotels and then to their rooms to be scolded by their chaperones.

Louise was always with Ted. Through all the nightly and daily escapades of the bunch she was by his side. When they were alone at night, she would surrender her lips to his and she would love him with all her heart, but not the same with Ted. It pleased him to have Louise love him, but he got no thrill out of it otherwise.

Things went on serenely for a time. Louise and Ted kept up their affair, the bunch went swimming by day and dancing by night, and the summer days rolled by.

Then it happened. Jimmy Doyle, Flying from Tampa to New York on his vacation, dropped in at the beach for a few days, and at a dance met with the bunch. The fact that he was rich and a licensed pilot excited the rest of the boys and girls, and the fact that he had straight-forward looking gray eyes excited Louise, and Ted Greene found himself more and more left out of it.

Jimmy and Louise rode to-

gether, swam together, and danced together—they fell for each other head over heels. They would sit on the porch of the cottage, while a wan moon shone overhead, and whisper things to each other.

The little old victrola would sing away inside the house "Somebody stole my gal"—"Somebody stole my gal"—And Jimmy would say "Nobody will ever steal you from me. Will they honey?" And Louise would answer, "No, Jimmy."

But they would fight like the mischief too. Louise liked people to give in to her, but he would not. Then they wouldn't speak to each other for days—and then Ted would come to the front for a bit.

The Parkaway Aero Training School was not exclusive. They were very careless about their planes. A mechanic called to the instructor one fine August afternoon, that there was a pilot outside who wanted a plane for rent. The instructor bawled carelessly, "Look at his license and give him that old No. 1 Waco. Tell him about the prices, Bill."

The pilot who wanted a plane was none other than Jimmy and trailing behind him was Louise. They had quarreled. She wanted to go up and he didn't want to pilot one of the wrecks that were in the Aero School. But finally he gave in. After telling her to "Come on" he walked in sullen silence to where the old Waco was being wheeled out on the field. Louise climbed into the forward cockpit and Jimmy into the rear. His hands felt for the controls.

"Contact!"

And they were off. Jimmy's hand moved the stick and the old crate wobbled crazily and rose into an uncertain ascent. Jimmy thought how good it would be to have his own brand new little Eaglerock, but that was out of the question, as it was being overhauled.

Louise was enjoying herself immensely. She had long discarded the safety belt by which she was strapped in, and was peering over the side laughing,

much to Jimmy's disgust, whose gray eyes looked straight ahead. "Bleak Island!" "Bleak Island," Louise yelled. Jimmy understood that she wanted to go around Bleak Island—a desolate stretch of sand about twenty miles out at sea. So she wanted to go there. Well he hoped the old plane would wreck. It was groaning now as if protesting against a strong head wind.

When they were just above Bleak Island Jimmy got his wish. The motor of the ship coughed and sputtered, wheezed once or twice, and then died out all together. They began a rapid descent, the wind screaming through the struts. Louise looked at Jimmy in sheer panic, but he was busy with the controls. Fire broke out underenath the plane and an inky cloud of smoke swept past them.

Jimmy managed to straighten out when she was about twenty feet above the water, resembling a comet. The wheels touched the water, and in a moment the plane crashed with a hiss of steam in the shallows of the island—nose buried in four feet of water.

When Louise came to, she was lying in two inches of water on her back. The light ripples washed about her and sea foam was in her hair. She moved. No she was not hurt, she had just fainted that's all. But Jimmy. Where was he? She jumped up and looked. Dangling from the stern cockpit of the plane, which rested placidly on her nose, tail in the air, hung Jimmy's inert form. He was hanging by his safty belt and a stream of blood trickled down his face.

Louise rushed into the shallow water and climbed aboard the plane. She undid the belt and Jimmy slipped lifelessly into her arms. She sobbed as she dragged him to shore. He lay there still as death with a chalk white face streaked with red blood. With a piece of her soaking skirt she wiped the blood from his face. She built a fire by the matches which she found in his leather coat which the water had not soaked. She took off her own

(Continued on page four)

R.M.A. Bows to Fast Augusta Nine

On Friday evening the undefeated Augusta nine easily put to rout R. M. A. in a one sided affair. Bundy of Augusta pitched streling ball only allowing four hits. Montgomery took up the affair in the eighth and continued the good pitching. Bach and Whitehead vied for hitly honors. Whitehead bagged two doubles one a single when Bach got two homers and a single.

Augusta managed to score in every front except the third while R. M. A. could only push across runs in the second, third, and fifth innings.

Scoring began in earnest when Bundy, Shreckhise, Griffin, and Malone came across the plate in the second inning.

Bach again came forward in the fifth when he made a spectacular catch of Hines short fly to center. Bach started things in the old lucky seventh with a single, his team mates coming after him clouted out enough hits to score four more runs. The only double play of the game came in the first of the ninth, between Kelsey to Malone to Harris.

Score by innings:

R. M. A.—	r. h. e.
0 2 1 0 1 0 0 0	4 4 3
A. M. A.—	
2 4 0 1 1 4 1 x	13 13 5

Batteries—R. M. A., Johnson, Vawler. A. M. A., Bundy, Shreckhise.

Base on balls—off Bundy, 1.

Base on balls—off Johnson, 3.

Strike out—for Bundy, 5.

Strike outs—for Johnson, 2.

Two base hits — Malone, James, Vawler, Whitehead 2.

Augusta Defeats

(Continued From Page One)

M. S., Marston, A. M. A. Time: 10.4.

220-yd. dash—First, bach, A. M. A.; second, Greer, F. M. S.; third, Marston, A. M. A. Time: 23.2.

120-yd. high hurdles—First, Goodwin, A. M. A.; second, Shaffer, A. M. A.; third, Lockwood, F. M. S. Time: 17.

220-yd. low hurdles—First, Goodwin, A. M. A.; second, Mosely, A. M. A.; third, Lockwood, F. M. S. Time: 27.2.

440-yd. dash—First, Bach, A. M. A.; second, Kricher, F. M. S.; third, Payne, A. M. A. Time: 52.4.

Augusta Loses First Game To G.M.A. In Six Inning Affair

On Saturday evening after a most exciting track meet Augusta lost her first baseball game of the season to Greenbrier 15 to 5. Blakemore of Augusta pitched good ball, but retired on account of a sore arm. Bundy relieved him in the third inning and allowed two runs across that Blakemore had walked. Augusta suffered severely in the fourth when G. M. A. knocked three pitchers off the box and put across eleven runs. Augusta did her only heavy scoring when Griffin hit a four sacker in the sixth with three men on.

Score by innings:

G. M. A. . . .	0 0 2 11 2 0—15
A. M. A. . . .	0 1 0 0 0 4—5

Batteries—G. M. A., Carney, Schericher; A. M. A., Blakemore, Schreckhise.

Base on balls—Blakemore, 3.

Base on balls—Carney, 1.

Strike outs—Blakemore 5 in 2½ innings.

Strike outs—Carney, 7.

Two base hits—Berry, Schericher, Putman.

Triples—Geenir.

Homers — Manyonl, Humphrey, Griffin.

Home runs—Bach 2, Shreckhise, James.

Double play—Kelsey to Malone to Harris.

Umpire—Brown.

High Lights

(Continued from page two)

great asset to us in preparing for the honor school inspection. He sometimes takes command of a company on drill field and shows the men that he has certainly not forgotten his military.

Captain Kellogg is well liked by all the men in the corps, even though he is a strict disciplinarian he has a quick sense of humor and that is enough to place a man high in the mind of his friends.

Bursts and Buds

(Continued from page two)

that Hutzler hasn't got a head—his necks just "grewed up and haired out."

A small town band went to play in a neighboring town. The whole band got drunk, and then boarded a train for home.

Presidents and Leaders of Final Ball at A.M.A. Since 1901

1902—Capt. C. S. Roller, Jr., Ft. Defiance, Va.

1903—Prof. Albert S. Bolling, Charlottesville, Va.

1904—Harry Brightwere, Hinton, W. Va.

1905—Earl Andrews, Mer Rorege, La.

1906—Capt. C. S. Roller, Jr., Fort Defiance, Va.

1907—Prof. Buck Spindle, Christiansburg, Va.

1908—Prof. T. J. Roller, Fort Defiance, Va.

1909—Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Fort Defiance, Va.

1910—Capt. H. A. Jacob, Richmond, Va.

1911—Col. T. J. Roller, Fort Defiance, Va.

1912—Capt. W. S. Robinson, Norfolk, Va.

1913—Frank Fox, Bluefield, W. Va.

1914—Herbert Ray, Charleston, W. Va.

1915—Carl Loth, Waynesboro, Va.

1916—George Ratger, Norton, Va.

1917—Lauve Balthis, Charlottesville, Va.

1918—Lauve Balthis, Charlottesville, Va.

1919—Fulton Hogshead, Middlebrook, Va.

1920—Harry Davis, Pence Spring, W. Va.

1921—Albert Blarton, Marian, N. C.

1922—Cary Page, Lexington, N. C.

1923—Eddie Kavanough, Roanoke, Va.

1924—Capt. Manly Williamson, Burlington, N. C.

1925—Capt. Mason Sproul, Staunton, Va.

1926—Capt. William Boswell, Charlottesville, Va.

1927—Adj. William Huddleston, Clifton Forge, Va.

1928—Cadet Major Maurice Bolling, Fredericksburg, Va.

1929—Cadet Major Tom Palmar, Richmond, Va.

Conductor: "Tickets, please."

Drunk: "I've lost my ticket."

Conductor: "Why, you just got on the train, you couldn't lose your ticket that quick."

Drunk: "Who couldn't lose a ticket, why I lost my bass drum!"

Yale Reaches For Cig and Gets Victory

(Reproduced through courtesy of New York Evening Post by Nunnally Johnson)

As the red sun sank behind the horizon yesterday afternoon, casting gaunt shadows over Soldier Field, the cigarette smokers of John Harvard went down in glorious defeat in the big cigarette decathlon, coming out second best, while the blue banner of Old Eli rode high in victory—for Yale was first!

It was a green team that Harvard threw on the field yesterday to engage in the gruelling blindfold test. "Butch" Nickerson, the giant right wing, who is expected to be a tower of strength next year, was a gum chewer until this year, when school spirit impelled him to give up pepsin and come out for the big blindfold cigarette team. He had not hit his stride, it was said, despite a natural aptitude for smoking cigarettes blindfolded; he still lacked experience.

Even at that, "Butch" put up a smoke that had the galleries in a frenzy. Again and again, as the overconfident team of Yale cigarette addicts relaxed a second, he puffed and puffed, like an iron man; but time demands its toll, murder will out, youth will tell, and if you want a transfer you'll have to ask the conductor when you pay your fare.

At his right elbow every second of the time was Tizzard—"Biff" Tizzard, '32—a cool and calculating cigarette smoker. "Tiz," as he is known to his frat brothers, is not a spectacular smoker; he has even been accused of colorlessness; but the stands noted yesterday that when the pinch came, when a man was needed who could keep his head, good old "Tizn't," as he is called, was always there.

Yale won because she had the weight, the experience, and the generalship. Furthermore, her team was "pointed," as they say, for Harvard. As everybody knows, the early season smokes with Rutgers, Maine, Stevens, and the Red Star billiard academy are little more than incidental to Yale whose slogan is "Smoke Harvard out."

It was a grizzled collection of veterans that Yale trotted out with their eye bandages yesterday. Under the tutelage of Head Grizzle Coach McNutt, the boys went through a seige of grizzling that left them hard and dry and "set." Off cigarettes for days prior in the contest, so as not to get stale, they plunged into the contest, in the very pink. The exhibition of the first few minutes was a spectacle rarely equaled in cigarette smoking since Napoleon Bonaparte reached for a ciggy instead of a Borzoi book.

The tale of the contest was told in those few minutes. Cigarettes flashed like tiny streaks of lightning. Matches fluttered. Smoke rings rose. While the bewildered Hohn Harvards fumbled amateruishly for their coffintacks, the New Haven boys took a nice lead smoking, choosing, discarding with a speed and brilliance that brought the stands to their time and again.

WATCH HAVARD NEXT YEAR

Immediately after the contest a pep rally was held in City Hall. Head Coach McNutt spoke at length.

"Smoke, fellows, smoke! Get the old ciggy habit! You big fellows who are too lazy to come out for the team—get a line on yourselves! Every man who smokes is needed! Fellows, it's the old school who calls, the old varsity that heeds you. Is Harvard to call in vain? Are you Harvard men at heart? No, I need no an-

Annual Minstrel

(Continued from page one)

orchestra gave a few delightful selections. A chorus was then sung, thereby ending a very fine and laughable mistrel.

The Corps certainly want to thank Captain Robinson for the time and effort which he so willingly gave to produce such a splendid performance. The entire time was spent in laughter. We trust that Captain Robinson will not disappoint us by failing to produce another for us next year.

The minstrel was followed by a short informal dance which Major Roller so kindly granted. Everyone seemed to enjoy it to the fullest. The entire evening we might say was an absolutely enjoyable one from start to finish.

"Somebody Stole my Gal"

(Continued from page three)

leather coat and threw it over him. Then she lay close to his shivering form and put a cold white arm around the unconscious man's neck.

"Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy," she sobbed.

By dawn of the next day Jimmy was up and going. A revenue cutter picked them up and carried them to shore.

Two nights after the crash Ted Greene stood on the porch of the cottage. He peered intently through the wire screen and saw two figures in close embrace. The figures belonged to Jimmy and Louise. The victrola was playing

"Somebody stole my gal—
Somebody stole my pal
Somebody came and took her away
She didn't even
Say she was leavin';
Those kisses I love so
He's gettin' now I know—
Oh! Gee,
I know that she'd,
Come back to me,
If she could see,
Her broken-hearted lonesome pal,
Somebody stole my gal!"

Ted walked away.

"Yes," he said meditatively, "Damn' if somebody didn't."

[THE END]

swer; Harvard men are still Harvard men—and watch Harvard in the big cigarette penthalon next year." "All we ask is co-operation," the grizzled old coach said, "We've got the men, we've got the cigarettes—if the old school will stand behind us, we've got Yale beaten to a frazzle, though I am against boasting."